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the Empire itself. As it came a little earlier than the Empire, so it lasted a little longer. For the period of a thousand years the theory of Church and Empire kept the two institutions in existence long after they had lost all real vitality. The nineteenth century first sees an end put to this mediæval anachronism. Immediately upon the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope follows the creation of a new Empire, — no inheritance of the dead past, like the Austrian Empire, claiming no connection with Augustus or Charlemagne, like the upstart French Empire, but the expression of the new life of a powerful and at last united nation.

8. — *The Book of God ; A Commentary on the Apocalypse.* London : Trübner & Co. pp. 853.

OUR types are not cabalistic enough to give in full even the title of this most perfect volume of truth, as its author styles it. Truth only, says Bacon, doth judge itself ; and certainly few men have knowledge enough of Sanskrit, Hebrew, Arabic, Runic, Welsh, Tasmanian, and other tongues, to criticise properly a work in which they are all so freely used. It is a pity that such precious matter should be so hard for a common person to understand. If we had not this distinct statement as a guide, we should make a different estimate of the value of this commentary ; but it must be allowed that its truth and its perfection seem to us about on a level. It is rather startling to learn that the Apocalypse was written by Adam, and is now first restored to the correct readings ; that Satan is identical with Napoleon I., and the Beast with the United States ; that the faith of the Jews is diabolical, that of the Romanists a structure of villany and superstition, and that of the Protestants wicked and blasphemous ; and that no doctrine except that set forth by the author is much better. As much bad language is poured on all nations as on all religions ; and it is some salve to our national pride to be told that the British power is ravenous, murderous, and avaricious. It seems that the only true believers are “ pure Gnostics,” and the only sound writer since Adam is Mr. Scott of Ramsgate. Much of the learning of this book is so ingeniously profane as to be unquotable ; and most of the rest needs a “ pure ” Gnostic to interpret it. Those who know anything of the history of that sect can judge how justly the epithet is applied to it, in ancient or modern times ; but it was reserved for the prophet now under consideration to develop the most curious abominations from the most innocent and even sacred writings, and to illustrate them from the antiquities of the East.

Two former volumes, doubtless as true, as pure, as perfect, and as big

as the present, have been published, forming with this one work; and the author wishes to publish eleven books more, beginning with the Book of Enoch, and to this end invites communications; but as he describes himself only as Ω and the Twelfth Messenger of God, it is to be feared that few will reach his address. His labors have not as yet been received to his satisfaction; nor can we predict for them much future usefulness, except so far as they must greatly increase the linguistic knowledge of any enthusiastic disciples who try to read them through.

9. — *Plutarch's Morals*. Translated from the Greek by several Hands. Corrected and revised by WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, Ph. D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 8vo. 5 volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1870.

PLUTARCH is perhaps the most eminent example how strong a hold simple good humor and good sense lay upon the affections of mankind. Not a man of genius or heroism himself, his many points of sympathy with both make him an admirable conductor of them in that less condensed form which is more wholesome and acceptable to the average mind. Of no man can it be more truly said that, if not a rose himself, he had lived all his days in the rose's neighborhood. Such is the delightful equableness of his temperament and his singular talent for reminiscence, so far is he always from undue heat while still susceptible of so much enthusiasm as shall not disturb digestion, that he might seem to have been born middle aged. Few men have so amicably combined the love of a good dinner and of the higher morality. He seems to have comfortably solved the problem of having your cake and eating it, at which the ascetic interpreters of Christianity teach us to despair. He serves us up his worldly wisdom in a sauce of Plato, and gives a kind of sensuous relish to the disembodied satisfactions of immortality. He is a better Christian than many an orthodox divine. If he do not, like Sir Thomas Browne, love to lose himself in an *O, altitudo!* yet the sky-piercing peaks and snowy solitudes of ethical speculation loom always on the horizon about the sheltered dwelling of his mind, and he continually gets up from his books to rest and refresh his eyes upon them. He seldom invites us to alpine-climbing, and when he does, it is to some warm nook like the Jardin on Mont Blanc, a parenthesis of homely summer nestled amid the sublime nakedness of snow. If he glance upward at becoming intervals to the "primal duties," he turns back with a settled predilection to the "sym-